abraxas' prologue

1

When *abraxas* was twenty-two years old, he slid away from his home-area/arena and went west toward the deserts. Here was his spirit-muse-kitty-kat—blk 'n white—ríkardœ. *abraxas* encountered and encountered: living on edges, surviving proudly and striving amidst flying, swooping—*dodging*. Each morning, he and ríkœ rose, recalibrating in Angels & different angles, fluidly working on a great, great & grand project of new creations. *abraxas*, a shaking magickian, proclaimed and decreed -

Exalted sun! Who sees me? Who wants thou fire? I share… is this world *for me*?

O The City of Lights! Who is here to help me? How may I sleep? I am the Journey Man. With me my spider and doubled scorpion.

We wanted and waited each bright evening for some rest - yet you gave us Dark Angles & giddy Daemons.

Harken! I have brought forth gold, weariness is expected, but *our* mission—vision,/vision*s* are mighty & known.

What ears and eyes are readied?

Should I give it away to the sky and Pacific? Who can swim in these waters like *we* do? We can gain satisfaction from ignorance? The grumbling is present & twofold. I will. I might get sick from so much wisdom—a glutton I might begot. Work and work, exhaustion from such aims.

I dive below into the darkest dances, the abyss screams my name. With grace, sublimity, & courage, I aspire toward that of a shooting star - exploding with light and divine purpose.

As you do every night, I must go away - too; into challenges, where the air is harsh, you—bright and bold, where there's a craving for Water and Light*s*. Where's my storm!? I want Thunder!

Angels and ancient GODs—*O* bless me so. Encourage me in this solitude… this solitary happiness. This *new* Will.

My flood needs a channel, abounding. Burn thyself. Become the Light. Become so and so much light, see *so much*, be so much as well. *I wanna* feel *this.*

Thus was *abraxas*' lonesome up-going.

2

i grow weary from *too much*, not *enough movement, light, consumption,* black silent aloneness. we *grew* in a desert, deserted within higher altitudes, *by our own* volition—our own destiny.
creating creations — without *direct* knowledge… we were learning how to *dance*!
head-on: i was gone longer than i thought.
the fear of wading haunts me to this day.
i love i live for i / I.
i punch pursuits powerfully.
i break the illusory rules; there's an aching in what is long-winded.
this is *abraxas*' weariness. *wasting*, — time.
what does one do, above? i'm not even standing
for thou misunderstand*?* from slower—*sluggish*—places, dimmer spaces.
my heart aches, my soul grumbles — i push. my head pounds, from all these forms of barking. my knees and legs swing? sing.
exhorting *keep going*. *Chang notes* Dance!
who can approve of 22?
whom will? what will? who can. moreover; *who won't?*

my mother (a ferocious *saint*?) imprinted, implored, Implanted *implied—Be nice.*
i said no, & no, & no.
i got it. *that's the trick when* One like 22 reads and writes for His Trueness.

the art of deception*s*?

cars are for the weak. for the week. glasses… there's no week*end*. *just a recycle*. we're IM in a loop.

oh ma'am, manna i have. thou mistrust the mindset is projecting from your everlong abyss.

a god a god! i'm 27~destined.

our steps kiss. our steps extol in streets. a high priest. what's under World? eg - secrets in mythologies.
stay in the desert! stay! i thus will.
making songs in routines. new new new 1s.
by knowing genealogies, i confide in *wild* animals.
my back cracks.
long as dense.
worlds within.
substance - *sophistication* - as virtue.
gods *where*?
Nietzche died.
HE knew *the* Fate.
a loop.
an engine
i am.
He, i, have been riding - shotgun. *the drive.*
it's dry, here. i will Live.
i dyed.
i'm back.
i crack It.

3

what is "bad"? something man cannot deal with? somethings man cannot innerstand? something that's *not* - man's?
this is a holy piece of literature
i would flip Socrates on his skull. youth i am.
when you are it you r it.
wait. go.
speed is not The goal. immersion. that's compression - competition with *thyself*. the ruckus hardens i. *abraxas* ain't no *guy*.
man's path, is fine. it's not mind
supermen…
where?
this is onto - onto something great & so holy.
the connection is strong.
the *heat* makes me stumble joyfully.

adjusting…
i'm texting while dancing
devotion.
this is —
do you love yours?
do you love yours in *your acting*?
do *they"* know too much?
they Have 2 Know!

what's your sacrifice? *is it worth* It?
don't doubt This!
know themm i kno thy aim.
return return turn turn
you dwarfs - *O* carry onward. onward? are you just in character (role)? the crows cackling idk where. *where's*
my mission? Have a Glorious Mission! i guess, collectively, you would outshine me— who knows? will *we'll ever - never*?
see the spacing —
this is beta-offense.
i'm roaring 27. MAGICKall!
if man cannot doesn't? understand himself, if he does - good. who can know me? who can write soul music like this?

you scuff shoes on rocky ground. HOW DARE
y'all criticize my blazing glorious!
uneven terrain makes i stronger!
i wear my body everyday, in everything.
fuckin full/circle
what don't you have? what?
nothing is 'reel'
choose your path!
who's what's WHERE's *calling*?
love they ? love thy WILL!
abraxian overcoming?
loving man as

as is
as such
as one.

i teach nothing.
im just relearning.
we woman gentle light
keeps us alive.

my feets impress me
i accomplish i *reach*
in floatingfloating
in holy holy holy holy *exposing !!!*
all is good all is grand all is *always* - Aligned.
exception! accept thy fate.
work! *will*!
i'm a bum.
i come from the under. the do(wn)under.
this is *where's the gold*.
this is rich richness.
i teach
NOTHING.
i'm only remembering.

mockery just keeps the story interesting
mimicry? IMPossible

3 (ii)

i walk a waltz in squiggly "lines"
i declare decrees in *texts*.
apb: GET IN THE POOL. *O* oo-

the shame in fame
the fame is *my* game
where 's Elijahh?

climate
climate

little men *O* so tweenie- stuck in Their Own Rain
pour. poverty. porky ha ! poorly put??
purple reign?8888

3 (iii)

habituation isn't silent. it's quiet in taking over. the world isn't seen as it is; what it was…
the scents of pleasures consume men.
skittish walking… insufferable conditions - *mi*sinterpretations.
women wish and wish. wasting. waste. they wish to be attacked.
What Don't They understand about "no"?
Can thou *know no's*.
Desire (Taṇhā) fools of an finitude prickling.
Strength it takes to *see be* thru this.
Selectivity of what one gains "power" from —
Nutrition nutrition… *health*!
Frequencies are indigestible - *mine*.
i don't even know my greatness
unless when i feel
them
feel. me.
where home is, it's where one's destiny may *still* lie amid the
possibility of demise *2*.
engage the gut
it's eternally wise.
Why do you people eat so much?
Y do you stare so much at a god?
encircling *the lowest of the low* unto me? i. the new god.
(when) the body scowls, i shutter, seized with shaking.
luckily, i have *my* sun.
my day.
and 2… my moon*s*. my
stars when they *can* shine.

i'm pretty sure, quick joy i s in simplest shit.
there's no *we anymore.*
don't ever lump me with You Lower Man.
i believe ! i'm my high high destin*ies*.

your consumptions (foods)
supposedly comfort… H o w?
leading leading to…

i need to stop looking for
looking at people in the eyes
there's no love.
eye-gazing is only *safe* for love and not low things.
there's a bleeding & shy pleading in everything of the plebeian.
fuckin me Up.
their drools troll & create *even more* contempt and honest mockery.

i'm a DayStar. &
a Moon-Light.
i have found more of myself in *becoming*
more
lite. / lit.
walking might be my greatest medicine.
skylines.
i might underrate branches and cut grass.
i have long forgotten the longing of the sounds (and smells) of big bodies of waters. my
frustrations on land must be from a big fish buggin out of water.
i'm solidifying further / comprehensive currencies.
i'm so Hi i seem small but they know to <u>envy</u> *widespread*.
so many "woods."
Everything is on Time.
We High beyond Frieday. ~~~

<u>4</u>

but *abraxas* breven saw the people, & they were all doing the right things, he spoke:

"with eyes and hands… human is a chain, is he chained?, chained down under? breaking free requires power & a learning unknown—ongoing & - on - and going and going and going. it's not stopping.
a dancing & meditation."

[*it's a tattooing. jay-z is playing in the Twelve Corners Starbucks.]*

what's holy in man is that he's *capable,* capable of chain-breaking.
what are goals? set: just more to 'score.'
i love the man that accomplishes, *etc*.
breaking, reaching cycle. ongoing & on and on going. *unstoppable.*
i only go and go - god.
youth *know*.
tragedies beyond.
i despise *hard*, to dispel.
i love the earth so i can love its opposite—*above*.
i love and have a foundation unbreakable—this births doable wings.
this is the making of a godliness.
i love knowledge only from outside. my insides.
i am, obviously, a spectacle. my greatness sings. no shame at all.
downgoing & on and ongoings allow for what is built. even if built alone. *who* is all-alone *anyway… that's the challenge.*
what is his virtue? can it be *passed-down*?
i exhaust : i squeeze myself - i.e. a pushing , a pulling, too.
this is the whole. this is thy virtuosity.
this everlastingly happening - this is the breaking.
(fears & feats & feats…)
the children don't want to be alone.
most men remain un-childlike.
man doesn't know (how to use) his senses.
breaking and breaking (braking not) creates, you know, a fate—
too much focus cannot happen
focusing on a few (or one) will is a setting of destiny.

i love *i* whose spirit and soul love and co-create with/in harmony.
i obsess over the things that matter; i serve these things, they become submissive and more. this is my dying surely, and concomitantly my exuberant Life, i.e. livelinesses, will-power—
i love i for striving (principally) to express; thus, i've fully returned into The Child.
it shall be no surprise when i *gain*. *grow*. i plant plenty of seeds, and work - relentlessly. dying remains not only a prerequisite but a continuous requirement. rain leads to rainbow.
i dive into my visions, this is my current & current-sea. i announce, privately or showingly, of my will and its aims. one must learn to hold one's breath—in this; skating is about foundation; the surfer or seaman must know - must know *how to swim well*.
i live now; infrequently touching on *his*tory - it only re-incarnates
the future is done *now*. i only know what i can, what i *will*, *give* - now.
present + present + present becomes.
you must be willing to accept.
you must be willing to receive it.
firstly, you must be willing to create it.
make now.
make what is to come, *now*.
make what you want.
make what you will.
will what you will will.
thus speaks *abraxas*.
abraxas is strict with himself and self-coaches unendingly.
thus my god *O* god, loves.
it's a whole process, said tersely, that one *re*develops depth of spirit.
who touches their soul? who flew? i fly *away* everyday.
wounds heal. *go on*.
the pain is less aggressive and destructive the more links one has within one's spirit-soul.
one's spirit shall become sober and solemn, and soul—bubbling and bursting. this is a higher man; *god* (i may say).
all things materialize and actualize within one consciousness.

i love i, the free*d* spirit, the winged soul—going on and going by blood and quick, strong feet. the mind is only functional and ancillary.
i love those who love raindrops - even heavy ones. one knows the sun proceeds, and did too precede - by the way. i love this: evening lightening - it shows how showy the creator is; how paradoxes soothe The Child.
i am the am, i rest awake, away with moonlight.
i am the prophetic visionary of adversity, adversaries, and aversive elements.
thus, i speak—on.
here, but more so with less words.
the symbols have won over so-called eons.
i am my sun, my moon, my rising tide at daybreak.
this is godly.
this is holy.
this isn't a mere god.
i am the flesh needed.
what are you offering?

5

When *abraxas* lived like this, for *all* - to see, but can y'all see - *well*? When they sat back, got scared, and giggled clearly in cowardice, *abraxas* got more lively and then secluded to connect with the man he was. Their eyes, to apb, were wide yet closed, slumbering to his thundering. They stay confused without good hearing. I clack and click my feet to the earth—slide on waters—skid up like a jet. This way, *it seems*, some, a few, now — *get it*. *This is part of it; this tick and tick is The Part*… where are we in the story? I think y'all can only believe in a dancer to know in the unity and alignment of a dancing man, who plays *and works*, living tonight together—as knowing nothing and revealing flagrantly his knowledgable fate—

There is no *win*, is there? What are y'all proud of? Are you just being good to be good cuz you're supposed to be good? Are you posing? How is my posture? How do you like my magick? How free are you?— I think you're freer than you let on, honestly. I guess your roles balance *things* out. Otherwise, orgies would abound. Your pride

and my contempt for *that*, clash. Once I realized/realize you're just here, here for *this*—abrax., i *will* settle in. The bridge needed, *on my end*, as an end?— is to develop rapport, etc. with you lower hu-men.

The problem apbreven has with all humanity is a glossy uniformity. Where distinguished? Is it *there*? What may abrax. be missing? Is it, isn't it in invisibilities and details? *I think so*. Nice solace; a kinda kind? consolation. I wipe a tear. I tear clothes from my closet. I am not closed. Rugged by this *god*! How may I wander *further* again?

I utter to y'all: one must enjoy midnights to produce a rising sun. The Child must be around to create new days, new things.

Lo! There will be a now when the sun rises ever-more brightly and beamingly. HuMen will face i. He builds much *more* strength with each cycling.

What is drug? What is good? Why the day? Why the night, *too*.

The "world" has become better; intraconnected. This is why the last man dances in hopping ecstasies. HuMen makes it very so small and known and possible for *abraxas* to *bé human*, too. God to man, man to god, over and over, receiving, trusting, getting better *with* the world. Everlasting, *abraxas* rises—and rises. His kind is supreme. It never decays to death. Long live the lion. Long live the king.

There was no invention of happiness. It's *here*. The comfort comes in the rising son. One must know and enjoy cold, bear it, to beget brightness. Taking in pain is a speciality. apb knows how to rub off on others in highness.

i proceed intentionally. Attention becomes a headache. *abraxas* is careful what he complains about. i throw stones, walking on waters—stammering at his forgetfulness. Dreaming, dreaming like a child makes everything okay. One needs to dance, to cleanse, to detoxify. Dying is a bleeding, a bleeding of colorings. That's *all*!

i'm the chaos, i'm the fuckin dream.

a waltzing interlude

it comes down to taste.

it's hard to be *it*.
the i and thou.
who fools man more than i
with veins, in vain? my pain does so.
who cries for companions like abrax.?
this god whirls & wildly whips
thus i instruct
this i run
thus i rule
slowly, fasting - the breeze is "nice"—
my back is soar
the light, load… wears
pulls i down by souls of gravities
cracked concrete needs to crack soles
determination can never be unemphasized
stress - no! bliss due to faith and unattachment
is christ always ironic?
slaves always on defense — see, Buddhism
strings (in luv i love) are just the conditions of life
don't let them devolve into chains
unless you have the key
unless you know how to unlock your *own* chains.

4.1

"my work remains and will remain and wills the playingness, what others find laughable and enjoyable to their eyes. why why don't they engage more?— to become a Child, of a god, *for fun*! This abraxian god tortures within at the exuberant *reactions*. it's an ideation. a nutrition. for *abraxas* innerstands himself perfectly; his blood giggle and dances when eyes stay opened."

"a crowd is a crowd. that's— a herd; too, a mob. boys and girls men and women clearly become, or *remain*. the stupidity rises. a crowd of persons only is for The Good if it becomes, becomes musical, or is toward an aim (even if that aim is malefic, truthfully). power comes mainly from organization. as an organization, there's no following blindly, but segments and expressions of leadership. potential

for shepherding occur. this *can be* good. delirium occurs in herds and in severe lonesomeness."

"man is mad. this is his origin. crowds subdue this, or—at times—amplifies it. man is - at best - a maddening contradiction. thus i —abraxas—speaks in riddles."

"foxy, sharped tongue, then gentle, they boisterous i be. i *must* know the scent of Truth. wouldn't you all know everything—*more!?*—. i am the point. i point, It goes, lest unsavory devil*s*.

"boundaries, boundaries. that's a puzzling—aries, here, bound to, for? any weather; i love the weathering of souls. thus, i learnt how to dance. *original*."

"heaven in day, heaven in night. dancing on ceilings. my angels evaporate my exhales. inhales as blessings. health as choice. wealth as all-encompassing."

"timing ! timing ! timing ! catch the wave, friendly… diving, diving against gravity—; the gravity of cliques and ignorance—simple, sweet, lethal ignorance. i'm in love with Truth - it's *happening*. it'll not stop. on going and going ons."

"happiness is an illusion," *O abraxas feels*. "i close my eyes and i know. i open my eyes, hide them, and grow in power. stealthy."

***

Here clarify who *abraxas pío breven*'s. His primary performance still salivates in its ending. The flame of the onlookers buzzed. The people started promising to grow in numbers and speak of *abraxas* pb throughout the town and city, and *web*. "We'll make you a god! We don't want to interrupt but capture you - the dancing man!"

abrax. felt the weight, the weight of the work required for godliness. The man, the hu-man, here, wished to not drown; doubt—*O* wicked doubt—called and called. His humanity called to sink him viciously. He needed to *move*! Dance; run; hop; bounce; *blink*. The heavy spotlight demanded a laughing unsteadiness. For all entertainers are worth mockery. All lovely entertainers *have to* mimic falling many times a day.

abraxas-rising listened, listened to himself so deeply: “What will they pay? What even is reward? They love the way they love. Some are tough. Stiff… full of conspiring, i am the beyond, beyond good, touchdowning into much ‘evils.’ i swim in different directions and love twelve houses. I move and move to know more; my feet pop with pumping bloods—but feet grow weary, blistering, from my souls blizzarding. i am warm with appreciation; strings are (lo) part of *this*. *LA LA LA LA* … the mourning always comes, hard, assuredly, with expectation or dread. The Joker sometimes shys away from wondering *ifs*, sways, swings! verily. some look with digust. some with laughter. some with the worst: disbelief. who hates me? if they don’t — they don’t. i can withstand icy streets, *cautiously*

II.

Then, under the surface, a cry from ríkardœ pre-storm rang throughout the ages, starting to rewrite all the myths. *abraxas* remained still, yet difficultly. The haunting abyss tickled his world, his knowledge, his inner gym. Clouds mounted in angry jest. Grey commenced to link up and line up like pouncing on prey—prey that’s flighty, fearful, and deemed unholy by Zeus. Expansion or contraction? Good or evil? What *category* of Monster shall *abraxas* be-become? A pathway — tryingly — was urging *abraxas*.

the thirsty, awed onlookers conspired, concocting a slew of mad, maddening madness toward *apb*. They prodded and questioned: what are you doing on *these* streets? in the open. don’t you know fury and tornados and wicked thunder might be surely fated. *pío-breven’s* witnesses slyly smirked and sneered about his presence and — as they saw it — *outbursts*. he shook the four winds, whirling in fire, getting attacked with doubtingness. the rebirth of the horrid Tragedy, traumatizing coldcoldcold, shined evilly. blue skies unfound, just blueness—dim grey; broken sweaters; emotions run the whole Tale. at these massive moments, *abraxas*’ starting to tip; burning; he cried, “WHAT IS PARADISE?” swiftly, he was pushed and pushed in aroundingness, losing all purpose, all fortune, all Faith in ANY GOD. “who’s hitting grounds? who’s ripping stems? who shoots the bumblebee?”—he thought hardly.

beaten up, now—*invisibly*, *soulfully*—the abyss was seemingly unpromising. the signs of thorns ripped at him; “where is my throne? *o* god!”

“they, they! make me deserve this hell! safety was no where to be found, or *felt*.” clouds blocked happiness from *abraxas*.

apb forgot in horrific down-shots — living nightmares — of smudgy, blurry eyes. dying in the dreamings never cease; a backpeddling— thus one must learn how to dance with his soul and spirit. one cannot forget! and the ongoing persists, foundationally, unequivocally, *coolly*.

starving becomes exhaustive after ever so long. it can become empowering too—depending which GODs are in, pulling the heavy-spirited strings.

churches and graveyards are *apb* obsessions. souls leaves, spirits ache. he feels very powerful on their grounds. his dangerousness is haunting and fun to watch.

at this point of daydreaming — the intersections/crossings railed and weighed and pressed *22* for more! more output! more exertion! the deepest darkness looked out into the ferocious worldly winds. it’s time to party, he realized.

III.

the waters swayed and sang a night-song. these seas crashed harshly without an audible notice. its fury was all alone. the stench of war *within abraxas* begged to roar. this night, there was no consolation. this night was very cold.

then *abraxas* began his hike, this time, his hike to nowhere. this was his vexing frustration. ríkœ whipped his tail in glee. this was bothersome. they walked. their trek seemed - really - pointless. yet, *apb* and his muse-kat knew what was being asked or demanded or commanded behind them, now.

then, it occurred to *them* of a peace—that: “i shall teach *i* to dance between light and dark, *for* light and dark; to create *i must!* fall and fall ongoingly — *eternally!?* ————- *for* my *GODS*.” “dancing is not *a performance*—but alternatively— a lifestyle. faith in those most high can only be—can only be worthy to collect a crowd—to

correct *into* a harem. forgetting is a sin! agitation is an inner-calling for growth and impelling impetus. walls are only for families. everyone is for the black whole.

"i smile for a godly scolding." *abraxas* loves a command. it's fidelity. ríkœ gets *'too'* excited in daybreak. a whirling companion he/she/it is. i will spank the itching in you. clean. slow down to speed up.

ALL THE GODS IMPLORED them: *welcome to our jungle*.

IV.

the moon grew angry, into an orange passion, as the town fell sluggish into sleep. then, then! the people huddled and made no grand plans. yet, *22* still went pointedly to the corner, his corner, and started to practice (fervently). lost in Muse, the moon rose and daybreak got ever-so-much closer. it became chilly, *abraxas* worked harder to stay warm, warmer.

a new life is dangerous, especially when painting. *abraxas*, now, realized how he can provoke animals of *all kinds*, whenever, however, *and forever*. the planets will revolve for him. his vibe is unbeatable, undying. waking up a corpse, *seemingly*, dead peoples is a fun thing to do, he realized. provoking is a *kindness* for these 'kinds.' is humanly things purposeless or aimless? "i don't like to hide my feelings, sometimes. i have pollutions, give me rainfalls." riddlers provoke. i will show what it means to be an actual god. "they will see! they must see! *o* these dark clouds make me sad." thus i write: i am the zombie of all of man's fatalities— and flaws.

"Black nights align with my fashions. Open your eyes, *open up*, *or down*!" — yells my sarcasm. "I may pop you up and open. Be ready to get popped! Be presents!"

V.

When *abraxas* lived, and live—for this, him as a goblin and law-bender appeared among the people in haunting, harrowing haste and slipped to commingle in the unfounded shadows of the ghostly ones. As he disappears, ongoing & ongoing, the people whisper noticeably and yet don't know that he's entering his darkened cave. Some love, some might not. This hurts and - too — confused *abraxas pb*. Even from his peak, his clouds, his Egyptian tower, the disgust rose —like evaporation—and stung him on the nose. Their feelings rung in piercing greyscale, and sometimes the fury of vengeance. *apb*'s power was only possibly contested by car-fulls and other kind of mobs. The hardest law is loving thine enemies; one can only do this by seeing through it all—everything. The youth, mostly, love *22* but "i can be Socrates—that corrupted philosophizer?" The joker can only be laughed at; it's part of the gig—mockingly. Dark lanes, dark ways, dark lanes. The God of Lite plays never-endingly with commitments to turn over the dark-side, the lowly, the heavy, the slow. One must be girthy and strong and fast to play for godliness and manage daemons.

On the way out, *abraxas* ran slowly. Cursing. Setting the stage no more. Swallowing the darkness himself. They couldn't try anymore, anymore golden mockery. He painted with bloodless wisps. There would be no more whipping. As he was leaving, their ammunition was too… their bullets were, anyway, non-deadly. He had to go, for he was *this* godly devil. He was *all*; all that was—all that is. Part of this was due to his frustration and trading beatings. The new unknown was ready for *TWENTYTWO*.

abraxas remained muted. He slid into darker alleys and corners to regain some of his tranquility. He walked and walked. This was usual. Critters joined in. He broke 100 webs of spiders—and pinched a couple scorpions too. He ended up in the hospital. He was fatigued and frightened. Screams sampled the graveyard nearby.

Like a newborn, he wished desperately to become, become unmuted. An itching lust for understanding swirled within him. Homesickness must be the ailment.

So… *apb* entered the ER. The whole environment suddenly became vibrant and bright and horrifying yet comfortable. Eyes locked in on him and his light-speediness. He loosened. A couple chains did—

breaking with each devilish waltz. His soul rose to the gates of gods. He was ready… refreshing his own weariness and unsureness. He felt Hell as one and the same.

"i am dying" — *abraxas* spake — "I'd love to suffer through toward a rainbow."

Nurses were marveled at this weird man. They started sneered in amazement with other nurses. Mania was alive *within APB* that he skating around in cheeriness and cherry droplets—ghostingly.

One raised her voice: "Can I help you, sir?" abraxas responded unknowingly to others—abstractly, obstinate, contesting… and hurt her feelings. He gazed into her past lives & some relaxed into smirks; she didn't. She needed to keep her job. He sat down. Guards and officers took notice. Mania in his head couldn't allow *abraxas* to hear *breven* anymore. They deemed sickness, *again*. He saw more. He was at the roots and actually *into* starlight.

There-forward, *abraxas pío* left *his* hospital and migrated over to the cemetery for some cleansing rituals. He loved the night even more—with more darkly colorations. He wouldn't sleep.

When daybreak occurred — eventually, eyes were hidden *on* others… store lights sent distinct, distinct messages… the slow clouds glowed with softly jazzy hope. He kissed many dead men the night before, digging *both* his souls and spirits underground. *O* yay Earthy Ones. The wolves and dragons slumbered from his spell. Weeds even looked cute.

He knew he was home. He uncovered *his*, the!, silver lining just prior to dawn. He sat on a grimy bus stop bench… and retired without a fight. His soul and his spirits rested but remained in this plane.

The sky orbited; so did the sun—for the sun *loves* infatuation with hell's brightside.

VI.

abraxas learned this in his slumber: "Do not run. You're in the middle. There's no escape." The afternoon shuddered with happiness. When he awoke, the sky was light, the sun flickered angelically. He wanted more rest. But, ingrained in him was war. he looked down into

his feet and got up, up to stretch. he felt lightened & wholesome with soberities. Dreams—Dreams—Dreams, he absorbed, what a gift *we* are. He turned to the chipmunk and spoke: "i can work harder now that i passed away unwilling and deliberate." Birdsongs started to ring and ring into his illuminated consciousness. He wobbled in drunken hope.

"i learned!" — he shouted — "i *must* grow, i must go!" abraxas became electric. he left and started creating immediately. "Staying young, youthful, powerful is in action!… Dancing is my new lifestyle! *In all*.

"Everything good comes from, come through the base, the feet. Strong feet equal a strong body. The soul lives here. The spirit passing down through the feet. Let me bring waves of other souls through my soles. Alive — yes, but ones — especially — who have left. Balance for the living and the dead!" *abraxas*' spirituality soared and he danced! Glee sang! Thus he became a medium. His evolution was possible. The time of soon is always and forever. There's fire on the mountain. I'm burning. I'm enflamed with songs—enraptured!

Leaders! A new way to Lead! In ecstasies, in freeness, in true faith! This will be *trying*, but the heat of the sun allows for the ongoings. Where is the hate?

The hate is only in thine hearts? No, rather—my i's eyes. The road is heavy for *abraxas* who creates his own virtues. The destroyer, the law-bender; the goblin.

Community this creator needs. Thus, i shall find them—and they will find me—through action! All are welcoming. The young ones love the shaking. The dancer can save lives! Let creation reign! All praises due to The Most High. These performances on corners are *Street Trips*. Revolution! Revolve! Evolve in Revolutions! The signs, the signs! So strong; nearing an overwhelming. CAN YOU IMAGINE?

I planted seeds in each heart, each home. Each show - each dance - each *step*! aligns with heavenly promises. I'm running, too, *O* my soul runs! Between the sweet winds, GOD comes to me. I cannot — will not — speak no more to the grateful dead. My hope has been found. I dance to communicate ongoingly. Loving life!

I bring for Creators, i applaud them—bright skies among raving abysses. Breathe breathe breathe. A hawk, from the dead, ripped

through the tree tops above. He eyed his friends, spiders, scorpions, and a hissing snake. abraxas carried the ashes around his neck.

These are my guides. He tasted Hope. Praise to these badd beasts, thanking the son, shining in my soul*s*, keeping *apb* alive and pushing and well. “Verily — i dye to live *more*.” Danger—“fear not”—they roared around… stirring alertness.

My heights of the body communicate my Wiseness. Wholeness in my soles. i restore myself; i heal my selves. I’m a tiger.

abraxas broke into dance.